

# THE NEW YORK HERALD.

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**LITERATURE.**

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**A CAPITAL HIT.—THE FOLLOWING GOOD THING**  
A scissor from the Picayune.—Little colored boy up the alley way, leaning against the wall of his father's (the white-washer's) house; lady of Fifth avenue, in a cocoon of silk and lace worth five hundred dollars, reclining on her iron couch; merchant reading in omnibus on his way to business; school miss in remote corner of study during recess; Bridget at the basement window when her work is done; clergyman in country village when the hours hang heavily; fireman in his bunk room; missionary on his grand good crusade through the lands of the dark-souled masses; the desolate sailor in his confined cabin; the soldier waiting for the Mormon, and the fair-haired child, good for the time, reading the Ledger—all reading the *Ledger*. High and low, rich and poor, wise and unwise—all all reading the *Ledger*. Was there ever such a thing known before—a nation taken by storm by a weekly paper? Never. There have been, in different countries, remarkably successful newspapers, surprisingly popular papers and mighty magazines; but nothing approaching the gulf-the nation-down career of the *New York Ledger* has never been heard of, nor do we suppose even dreamed of in dreams before. Many dull and drawry persons, who have been trying for years to make a little literary success, open their eyes and say "By what kind of slight of hand, what ledger de-main has Bonner done all this?" We fancy ROBERT BONNER's success arose from his having acted upon something the same principle as an old aunt of ours used to try and instill into the mind of her Biddy with regard to polishing the stable—“Elbow grease, elbow grease, use plenty of elbow grease” or, in other words, Bonner having found out the right thought had he done it bravely, never sparing anything but the truth in his dredged and beaten up copy.

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bunk room; missionary journeying on his grand good crusade  
through the lands of the dark-skinned man-eater; the desolate  
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